



CRYSTALIS



# CHRYSALIS 1983

Editor in Chief  
Kathy Ryan

Literary Editors  
Dave Letson + Wes Willoughby

Art Editors  
Keith Mills + Andy Morrison

Art Staff  
Brenda Sylvia  
Patty Cannon  
Susan Van Kueren  
Maria Stenger  
Gina Cass  
Lellis Gangstad  
John Fulk  
Kathy Kanopka  
Mary Carter  
Ann Czaplinski

Literary Staff  
Jeanmarie Rowler  
Joy Friedman  
Becky Saben  
Jon Zug  
Richard Whitt  
Carla Christiansa  
Julie Pitt  
Cheryl Gaskill  
Ginny Hostetter  
Linda Beltz  
Marcia Cochran  
Tammy Mannerino  
Ellen Tery

G! Advisors: @  
Alan Meckowitz Alan Tschudi Todd Zeiss

COVER DESIGN-Andy Morrison

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY-John Fulk

Magazine Layout- K. Mills, A. Morrison, K. Ryan, D. Thompson, A. Simmons, K. Kraft

COPY PHOTOGRAPHY-ALAN TSCHUDI



ARTISTS IN ORDER  
OF APPEARANCE:

1. MARIA SHEA	page 1,2
2. EMILY CLARKE	" 3,4
3. GARRETT BOEHLING	" 7
4. PAUL McMULLEN	" 12
5. SANDY WASSEN MILLER	" 13
6. KEITH MILLS	" 14
7. CRAIG CLARKE	" 16
8. JOHN FULK	" 18
9. RITA McCASLIN	" 22,23
(this year's centerfold)	
10. KATHY KONOPKA	" 24
11. COREENS McMULLEN	" 26,27
12. MARYELLEN YOUNG	" 29
13. DAVE DOUGLAS	" 31
14. GARRETT BOEHLING	" 32
15. B.J. DANIEL	" 34
16. WALT BRADSHAW	" 36,37
17. KEITH MILLS	" 38
18. MINI PRINTS	" 40,41
19. RITA McCASLIN	" 42
20. DANA, DAMERON	" 43
21. EMILY CLARKE	" 44

WRITERS  
~~~~~

BRUCE POTTS  
DOUGLAS R. STALEY  
SARAH MOTES  
JAY FRIEDMAN  
GARRETT BOEHLING  
DAVID HANSLIP  
DAVE LETSON  
RICHARD WHITT  
JEANMARIE ROVIER  
E. WHELPLEY  
CHRISTIE MONIZ  
CAROLE NASH  
CHRISTOPHER WHELPLEY  
MIKE TUCKER  
DAVID BRADLEY  
KARIM KHAN

©1983 by Chrysalis  
All Rights Reserved.

chrysalis is sponsored by  
the school of fine arts and  
communication, JAMES  
MADISON UNIVERSITY.





## **Madwoman**

The madwoman sits in her spinning room,  
playing eerie melodies through the night.

She strokes her ancient harp,  
weaving a spell of insanity.

And the neighbors,  
hearing the strange vibrations,

Gather in the streets to gossip and gape.

The supersonic music  
plants demons in newborns  
sleeping in their cribs  
and lures the neighborhood men  
far from the arms of their wives

Into the lair of the madwoman  
and her black circular bed  
with the spider web design

Sinister sounds creep from the spinning room —  
The madwoman laughs at her talent,  
and plays till the dying of the moon.

Bruce Potts





## Lady of the Fan

In a city down the road  
In a place of her own  
Lives the Fan lady.

Colored scarves, a spot of light,  
Flash of eyebeam define her face.  
A flower along the freeway,  
She listens to the doppler-rising roar  
As I pass by,  
Like a lone truck in the early hours  
Of morning.

Douglas R. Stailey







## Lizards

Splayed hands on the bathroom tiles  
her toes web, grip  
seek the ice beneath  
an ashen chameleon  
No one comes calling  
but she cannot hide

too clean

the mind's merry-go-round  
whispering  
(there are no razor blades no razor)

No wilkinson crossed sword  
no trac II, blue —  
bladed smiling

Just the mirror's sick sheen  
ivory and vaseline.

Sarah Motes







## MRS. TUNES' REVENGE

We called her Looney Tunes  
(Mrs. Tunes out of respect).

In a fading blue dress and a fishing cap  
she came out to water the jungle in her back yard,  
and sing her songs

She drenched each tree from top to bottom,  
giving each dripping leaf an equal part  
in recreating some well remembered rain,  
Looking through the layers of green surrounding her,  
we could only see that stupid hat  
— and a pair of bony hands guiding the gushing water.  
But we always came out to watch Looney Tunes;  
we couldn't stop laughing at that  
morbid joke of a Roman fountain.

But now,  
while my cup of coffee reflects an endless forehead,  
I recall Mrs. Tunes with a new laugh;  
with my own rains to recreate,  
I'm convinced of her revenge.

Jay Friedman



# The Enormous Woman

Looking up  
I could see the delicate curves  
Of the underside  
Of her chin.  
My vision flowing  
Down her neck  
Resting on looming breasts.

## SHE IS THE ENORMOUS WOMAN!

What words can describe the abundance  
Of her beauty  
Help me O Heavenly Muse!  
Her body sings a loud song.

Her abilities are endless --  
She can swim!  
She can fly!

I watch her through my skylight  
Soaring across loud-thundering clouds,  
Golden wing spread wide.

She flaps at empty air for minutes  
To glide for seconds.

Illuminated by crackling flashes  
Of lightning.

Douglas R. Stailey



# Bus Driver

Bus driver,  
Bus driver,  
It's not your fault but  
There's rain coming in  
Through the roof  
Of the bus.

I feel like complaining  
To the person responsible  
But he's not here.

So I'll put some  
Plastic under the drip  
Between my wife and me

Garrett Boehling







## Vacation Time

"I thought we were going to Disneyland this year," Nonnie Blevins whined as she opened the back door of her father's 1979 Oldsmobile.

"Dear, we've already explained that to you a thousand times. Your father had to pay more taxes this year so we thought that this would be fun," Mildred Blevins explained as she fitted a hair net in place.

"Some fun riding around looking at a bunch of dumb houses," Fred Blevins, Jr. said looking bored in his long hair and mirror sunglasses.

"Now Fred Jr., you hush," Mildred scolded. "This tour of great houses and ruins of the south is going to be a lot of fun. Just think of all the things you and your sister will learn."

"I could learn a lot more if you let me stay here for two weeks." "That is absolutely out of the question. Why, when I was sixteen years old I loved to do things with my family."

"Like what?" Fred Jr. said with a hint of disgust.

"Oh, lots of things. There was taffy pulling and the Saturday night square dances, and we listened to the radio together. All sorts of things."

"Big thrills, huh?" Fred Jr. said sarcastically.

"Now Fred Jr. . . ."

"I'm hot," Nonnie whined, cutting off her mother.

"Well roll down the window, sweetheart."

"I did and I'm still hot."

"You will just have to wait until your father gets the air conditioner going."

"I'm thirsty. I want a Pepsi!" Nonnie said.

"All of the Pepsi's are in the cooler. Your father asked you if you wanted one before he loaded the trunk," Mildred said, exasperated.

"Well I'm still thirsty."

"Go in the house and get some Kool-Aid then. I'm not going to fool with the mess in that turnk."

"Will you get me a Pepsi out of the trunk Freddie?" Nonnie said in a sickly sweet voice.

"Get your own damn Pepsi, I'm resting," Fred Jr. said, slouching down in the seat.

"Maaaa! Tell Fred Jr. to get me a Pepsi," Nonnie whined, putting her head in her arms on the back of the front seat.

"Nonnie, I told you to go in the house and get something to drink," Mildred said sharply. "And you young man," Mildred added, switching her attention to Fred Jr. "and you watch your language young man. You might talk like that around your friends but I won't have it on our vacation. Do you understand me?"

"Yeah."

"What?"

"Yes ma'am," Fred Jr. said softly, sinking deeper in the back seat.

"Now here comes your father. I don't want to hear any more arguing. You know how upset he gets when you children argue."

"I'm going to get some Kool-Aid," Nonnie said opening her door and getting out.

"Hurry up, Nonnie. It's hot as he . . . it's awful hot in here." Fred Jr. said, wiping sweat off of his face.

"Where the hell is she going?" Fred Blevins Sr. bellowed as he squeezed behind the wheel.

"She's going to get some Kool-Aid, dear, she got thirsty."

"Hell, I spent ten bucks on Pepsi. Why can't she just grab one of those out of the trunk."

"I just thought it would be easier if she got some Kool-Aid. The trunk is pretty full." Mildred said, shooting a sharp look at Fred Jr.

"She'd better get a move on. It's hot as hell in this car. Why didn't you cut the air conditioner on?"

"We've been waiting for you. I couldn't turn on the air conditioner because you had the keys," Mildred said, trying to keep her temper down.

"Excuse me for having to go to the bathroom. I had to air the damn room out first."

"Air it out?"

"Yes, air it out," Fred Sr. said sharply, looking to the backseat at Fred Jr., who suddenly had found something interesting going on out the rear window. "Isn't that right, Fred Jr.?"

"I think I'll go get some of that Kool-Aid," Fred Jr. said, quickly grabbing for the door.

"You mean you'll go back in the house and smoke some of that damn maryjuanny," Fred Sr. said angrily, slamming down the lock and preventing Fred Jr. from leaving the car. "Honest to God, Fred Jr., did you think I couldn't smell that shit?"

"I didn't know you would be going in the bathroom," Fred Jr. said, letting go of the door handle.

"Didn't know I was . . . Did you hear that, Mildred? You could say you're sorry, that you won't smoke that shit anymore. But don't say that you didn't know I was going to use the bathroom after you."

Fred Jr. let out a big sigh and repeated automatically. "I'm sorry, I won't smoke that shit anymore."

"Fred Jr.!" Mildred exclaimed.

"I'm just repeating what daddy said," Fred Jr. said with a smirk.

"You know that's not what he meant," said Mildred. "I'm going to get your sister. She must have drowned in there. Fred, you talk to your son and please cut on the air conditioner."

Mildred got out of the car and started up the walk. Fred Sr. leaned over and turned the key to the left and switched the air conditioner on.

"Now son . . ." Fred Sr. began, taking a deep breath.

Realizing a long speech was coming, Fred Jr. cut his father off quickly.

"Look Dad, I'm really sorry about this. It sure is an awful way to start a vacation."

"I hope you are sorry. Why do you smoke that stuff anyway?"

"Oh Dad, everybody smokes pot."

"If everybody jumped off a bridge I suppose you would too."

"That's real original, Dad. Besides it's a lot less harmful than that booze you belt down every night."

"Oh no you don't. Not that tired-ass excuse. Some of the guys at work were telling one that they read that pot will cause cancer and blindness, and you will be senile before you're thirty."

"I think they got pot-smoking and masturbation mixed up."

"I'm glad your mother and sister aren't in here to hear you talk like that," Fred Sr. said, shaking his head.

"Talk like what? We use words like that in sex ed all of the time."

"Yeah, well that's what's wrong with this country. Sex education in the schools. I don't know why I let your mother talk me into letting you take that class," Fred Sr. said angrily.

"I had to take something. Everytime I asked you about anything you said I wasn't old enough," Fred Jr. explained.

"You were too young," Fred Sr. said quickly.

"Dad, sixteen years old is not too young. How old were you when grandfater Blevins told you about sex?"

"He didn't tell me, I learned on the corner like everybody else. Where the hell is your mother and Nonnie."

He gave the horn a couple of long blasts.



"Why don't you turn the radio on?" Fred Jr. asked hopefully. Fred Sr. leaned over and turned the radio on. Instantly an AC/DC song blasted through the car at an ear-splitting level.

"You do that every time!" Fred Sr. yelled, turning down the radio so nothing could be heard.

"What?" Fred Jr. yelled.

"You do that every damn time you use the car. You turn the radio up loud and leave it that way. How the hell can you listen to something that loud?"

"It's rock 'n' roll, Dad. Everybody listens to AC/DC loud. It's made to play loud."

"Well that's what's wrong with this country. You mark my words son, rock and roll music has led to the ruination of this country," Fred Sr. said gravely.

"That and sex education classes," Fred Jr. said.

"Right, sex education classes, too."

"And foreign cars and mini-skirts and big cities and joggers and designer jeans and welfare and democrats," Fred Jr. said reciting the list from memory.

"That's right," Fred Sr. said. Then, catching Fred Jr.'s smile, quickly changed the subject by hitting the horn three quick blasts.

"Where the hell are they! If we get caught in traffic we'll burn up twice as much gas. Does she think gasoline grows on trees?!"

"We don't have to go, you know."

"What do you mean we don't have to go?"

"I was just thinking that if we didn't have the money right now we really don't have to go. I mean Nonnie and me will understand." Fred Jr. said, hoping his father would understand his logic.

"I thought Nonnie was going to have kittens when the Disneyland trip fell through. Can you imagine the fit she would pitch if we cancelled the whole vacation?"

He banged the steering wheel with his hand and gave the horn two long blasts.

"It's just that I hate to be a burden. I mean, I could just stay here so that the three of you could have the extra money to have an even better time." Fred Jr. said, hopefully.

"Why thank you, Son, that's very considerate of you, but this car tour of great houses and ruins of the South will be something you'll remember for the rest of your life."

"Like getting bit by the Marston's German Shepherd?" Fred Jr. said, folding his arms and falling back on the seat.

"Now look son . . ." Fred Sr. started.

But he was cut off as Nonnie arrived and scrambled into the back seat.

"Momma says stop beeping the horn so much or old Missus Higgins will call the cops." Nonnie said, breathlessly.

"Screw old Missus Higgins," Fred Sr. bellowed.

"Give 'em hell, Dad," Fred Jr. said, laughing.

"Where the hell have you two been?" Fred Sr. demanded, ignoring Jr.'s curse.

"Momma's bandaging her hand," Nonnie said calmly.

"Bandaging her hand?" Fred Sr. exploded. Why the hell would she be bandaging her hand?"

"Well, she had to after she cut it," Nonnie explained.

"Wait a minute, Nonnie. How did your mother cut her hand?"

"Momma was cleaning up the broken Kool-Aid jug and she cut her hand, so she's bandaging it up."

"Oh, I see. She dropped the jug and she cut her hand."

"Not exactly," Nonnie said.

"What d'ya mean, 'Not exactly'?" her father asked, his voice near the point of exasperation.

"I dropped the jug and Mommie was cleaning it up. I had to go change all my clothes after I spilled the Kool-Aid."

"Is she okay?" Fred Sr. asked.

"It bled and bled, but Mommie says it's fine now."

"Of all the . . . how long is she going to be in the house," Fred Sr. said, losing his patience.

"Dad," Fred Jr. said, "if Mom's hurt, maybe we shouldn't go after all."

"You're right, son. Maybe we should just call the trip off."

"Oh, Daddy, let's go, let's please. Come on Daddy. Mommie's not hurt that bad. Please, Daddy," Nonnie shouted, reaching up and grabbing her father's arm.

"Calm down, Nonnie. If your mother is okay then we can still go."

"It sure feels neat in here with the air conditioning going. It's awful hot in the house," Nonnie said, changing her tone completely.

"Yep, this baby can really crank out the cold air," Fred Sr. said, patting the dashboard. "Now here comes your mother. I don't want you to say anything about her accident. She doesn't look too happy."

"Wow!" Fred Jr. exclaimed, sitting up quickly. "Look at the size of that bandage. It looks like the mummy or something."

"Fred Jr., you remember what I said. We're not going to start this trip with people angry," Fred Sr. said sternly.

"She can't hear me with the windows rolled up," Fred Jr. said, getting a little angry himself.

"I'm thirsty," Nonnie whined, bouncing up and down on the back seat.

"You just had a jug of Kool-Aid," Fred Sr. said, drumming his fingers on the dashboard.

"No, I didn't I spilled it before I could get any. Anyway, I want a Pepsi," Nonnie said, still bouncing on her seat.

"Fred Jr., go and get Nonnie a Pepsi," Fred Sr. said, hoping to quiet Nonnie. "And stop that damn hopping around!" Fred Sr. switched the key off and handed it to Fred Jr. as they both hurried out of the car. "Hurry up!" he shouted, turning to face Mildred who was getting in the car. "How's your hand, dear?"

"It hurts like hell!" Mildred shouted as she sat rigid, staring out of the front window.

"Did you take any aspirin?"

"I took a Valium. I had to take something. Honestly Fred, you and that damn horn. I wanted to tell Nonnie to tell you to stick that horn up . . ." She was cut off by Nonnie's shriek. Fred Sr. let down the window and yelled back to them. "What the hell is going on?"

"Fred Jr. put ice down my back!" Nonnie cried.

"Get in the car!" Fred Sr. demanded.

"I haven't got a Pepsi yet. It's on the bottom," Nonnie screamed.

"Get in the car now! We'll stop by McDonald's on the way out."

Both children got in the car. Fred Jr. was smiling broadly.

"Fred Jr., will you behave?" Mildred asked wearily. "Honestly you know how old Missus Higgins is, she'll call the police for sure. What with that horn blowing and your screeching."

"Screw old Missus Higgins!" Nonnie said, proudly.

"Nonnie!" Mildred gasped. "Where did you hear a thing like that? We don't use language like that around here."

"Shit!" Fred Sr. yelled.

"What?" Mildred asked, turning to face Fred Sr.

"I said shit. The car won't start."

"Are you sure?" Mildred asked, looking over at the control panel.

"Listen to this." Fred Sr. turned the key and all that was heard was a low growling noise.

"She's dead," Fred Jr. said evenly.

"Damn right she's dead, Fred Sr. said angrily. "What with the air conditioner and the radio running, it's a wonder it will turn over at all."

"Why didn't you turn it off or cut the car on to charge it up?" asked Fred Jr.

"Because, Fred Jr.," Fred Sr. said, resisting the urge to leap in the back seat and strangle his only son. "I didn't know your mother was going to take all day!"

"Oh, no you don't. You're not blaming me for this," Mildred said quickly.

"I'm not blaming anyone. The battery's dead and I don't think we're going anywhere today!" Fred Sr. said angrily.

"You mean we're not leaving?" Fred Jr. asked, gleefully.

"No, we are not!"

Fred Sr. hit the horn in frustration. Mildred put her head in her hands. Nonnie let out a cry that could be heard three blocks away. Old Missus Higgins called the police. And no one noticed when Fred Jr., smiling, put his hands together in front of him, looked skyward, and mouthed silently — Thank You!

David Haislip



# Day of the Noses

(or, When Hitchcock Met a Girl)

I was propped up against Mary Hillson  
On her sofa  
Talking U.S. Government  
(page 383 of the Land of the Free text)  
When the sky turned Black  
And I saw her nose fall off  
Down  
Into her dress.

Dan Rather and the CBS Evening News  
Came on in the afternoon  
Telling everyone to hang  
Buckets 'round their necks,  
Else their noses would be lost.

Mr. Hillson came in the screen door  
Talking about how  
Fabergé was laying off more workers  
And how  
122 people died this morning  
Standing underneath  
Mount Rushmore.

He saw where Mary's glasses  
Had fallen into her lap.  
I sneezed,  
Putting out his eye.

David Letson







## Why Must We

why must we  
cry like this

afraid of belting out our best songs

there is  
a shapely female i want to meet

she is luring  
possessively over the soda machine

i should say "hi sweetie"  
but  
instead i say  
"EXCUSE ME MA'AM, MIND IF I GET A COKE?"

why must we shrink from ourselves like this  
scared to live our best romantic poetry

there is  
a metaphor in sequins  
who is wearing no bra  
and  
stretching her thighs seductively  
over by the soda machine

i should come on real cool  
say "hey i think i love you"

instead  
I DRINK MY COKE IN SILENT PAIN  
AND THROW THE EMPTY CAN IN THE TRASH

why must we  
cry like this

afraid of belting out our best songs

Bruce Potts











## One Evening

The stars swim cold tonight  
beyond my frost-scudded window.  
Shifting in tangled bedsheets I sense  
    sleep invading the hall  
    a shadow's sound caressing  
    eyes frozen to lidded screens.

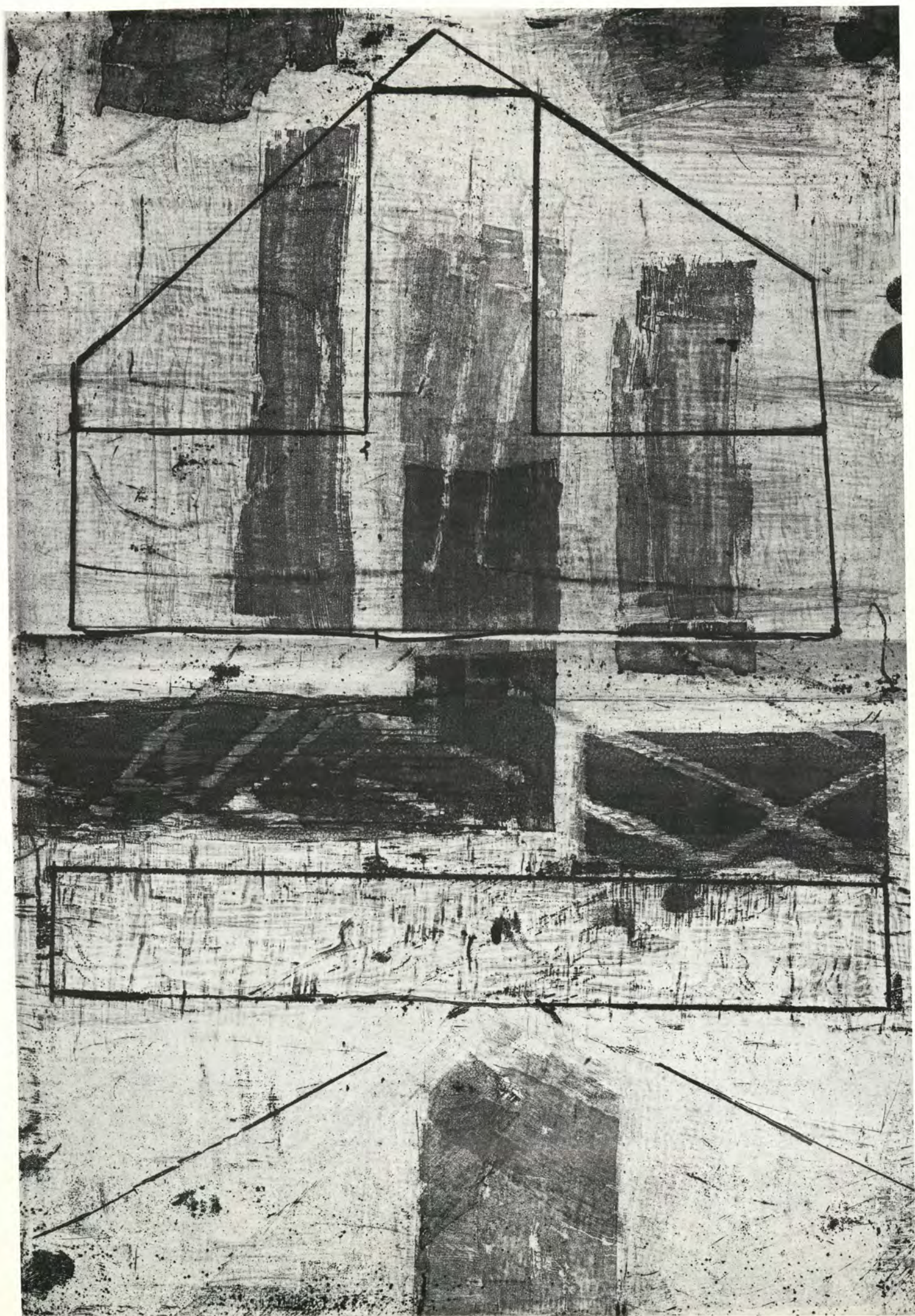
The bed clutches me  
    coaxes me;  
                    though I resist,  
the tempting blackness  
tears at my will like  
    memories

i see the blackhaired girl  
pretty she loves me the blue  
car carries me helpless from  
her i squat naked in the play-  
ground stroking my (dead) cat still  
alive i kiss the blackhaired girl (clothes  
on) dont leave dont leave i whisper  
she does im in second grade hiding  
from bullies while munching grand-  
mothers cookies the blackhaired  
girl says call me i lost the  
number o god i run very  
fast going nowhere  
pleading screaming come  
back

The moon floats chill and stark  
beyond my frost-scudded window  
this breathless night  
    even the ceiling can't hold back  
the murmuring tide of half-remembered dreams.

Richard Whitt







OLD MAN ON THE CORNER

Old man on the corner--

Cup in one hand, Bible in the other.

He says he's a Jesus man,  
and asks you through his false teeth  
if you are one, too.

And if you are, he sells you a pencil  
and  
if you aren't, he sells you a Bible

Or a pamphlet that tells you  
you're going to hell next Tuesday.

In his coat he's got a hundred stolen goodies--  
Watches, necklaces, you name it.

And in his socks he's got stashed away  
your choice of cigars and cigarettes.

If you're a man,  
he tells you how smart and shrewd you look

And if you're a woman,  
he inconspicuously tries  
to look up your dress  
or underneath your blouse.

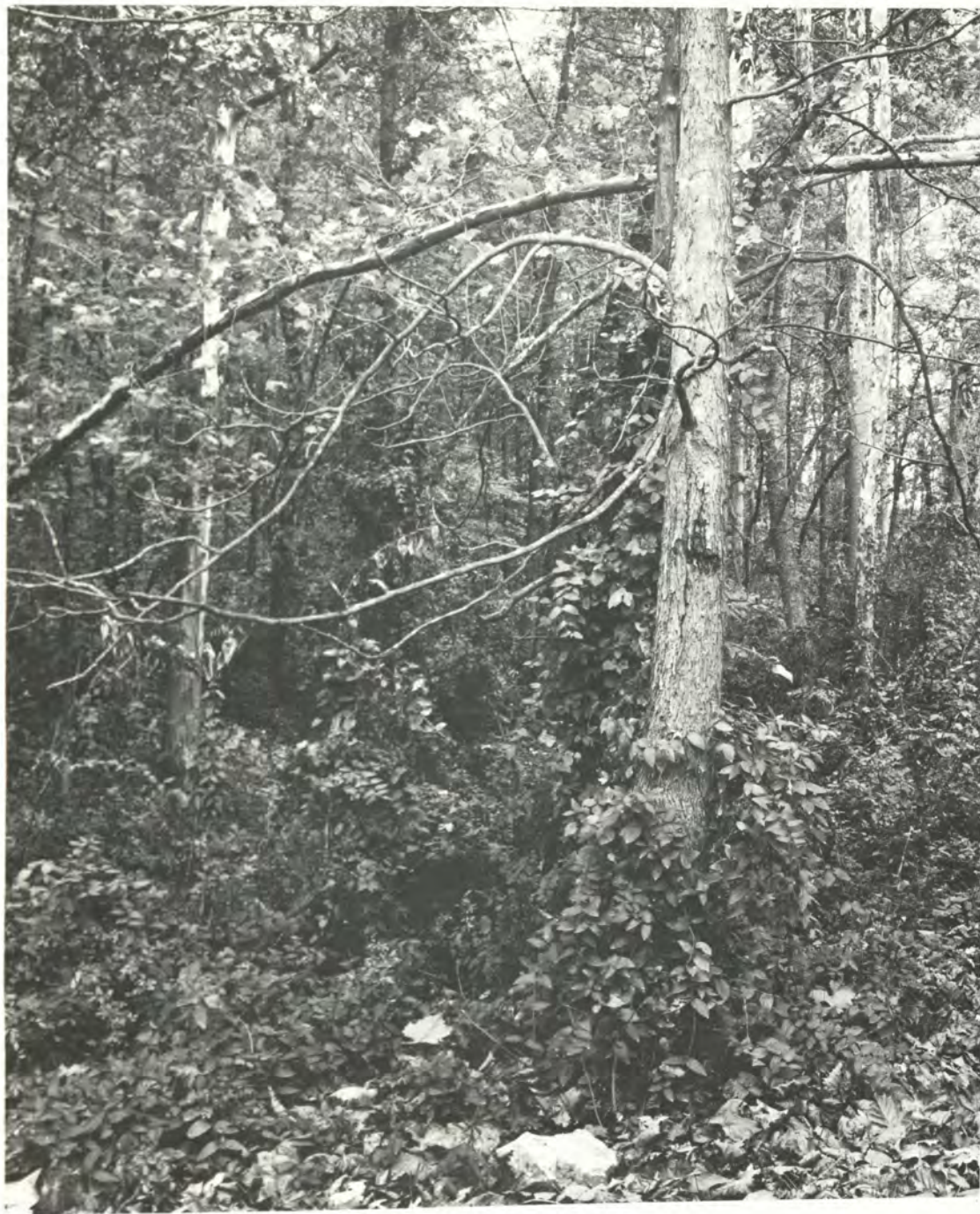
Old man on the corner--  
Cup in one hand , Bible in the other.

He works the streets like a pro,  
and at the end of the day

Wanders beneath the last neon sign  
and sings the pigeons to sleep.

Bruce Potts







## Timepiece

The birds are bailing out  
Swooping from barren trees  
Toward the hardening ground.  
Their October voices screech  
Through the thin air,  
Bantering the earth worms  
Buried in leafy dens,  
dark and moist.

The grey clouded sun rises onto their wings  
Warming their departing feathers  
And the fallen leaves:  
The golden red covered ground.  
Now, the wind up for the new year  
When the worms will emerge  
into chilly rains.

Jeanmarie Rouhier

## Broken

I'm a pony,  
thick and strong  
my fetlocks muddy white

I'm a paint  
unruly and mean  
I've tossed high the paddock mud,  
drummed unshod hooves  
on the fence-boards,  
whickered and whinnied  
haunting high on the dusk.

But I've tasted your bit  
Cold steel, sharp and  
sweet it is

and how fine  
is the fit of the bridle,  
girth, and stirrup

Just a nod  
from polished boot-heels, sir,  
and we will fly

now you may, sir,  
o how  
you may ride.

— Sarah Motes



## **Opening Night (for a Shakespearean Actor)**

What's this? Anon, I'll see the fuzzy chin  
And greased face of actor skilled upon  
The stage. The cheers of all shall Buzzy win  
When shoestain black doth streak his cheek anon!  
Yet trips the player, klutz he is, as now  
He enters on the stage. On arse he falls  
While downstage right his maiden beckons low;  
Then scarlet face doth spurn his yearning calls.  
Yet lo, he rises, carries on! 'Tis not  
A fool I see! His words do flow like sap  
From yonder pine! (They dribble to the pot?)  
But nay! they soothe; they cause the eye to nap!  
A star! a star! on yonder stage doth shine!  
But soon 'twill fall, if't overwhelms the mind.

**Christie Moniz**



## **Another Summer Night in Arkansas**

The perfume of cut grass  
hangs with the air outside the window panes.  
Orion cradled low out in the east.  
Clusters of moths bombard yellow porch lights  
Mosquitoes quench on soft underbelly thighs.  
Gritty dirt sticks beneath feet walking across  
warm, lumpy linoleum.  
Creaking screen doors opening into a dog's breath breeze  
drop closed with a crack.  
Condensation wraps bottled beer and  
wets the palm of the young lover  
Who while watching a bead of perspiration  
trickle down between the breasts of his wife  
Slides the cold bottle across his forehead.

E. Whelpley







# Inheritance

## Part I: The Gift

My hands are my mother's —  
the fingers bony, sharp  
knuckles breaking into a fist.  
The nails gnawed square  
cuticle exposed,  
proof of what she calls 'nervous energy'  
I call maddening.  
The right appendage  
worn larger than the left,  
wet-weather wrinkles cutting their way  
through flat pasture fields of skin.

My mouth is my mother's —  
a calling card  
preceeding a new generation of girls.  
The password a smiling full lip  
opening  
at the poundings of those broken fingers.

Her expansive hips are mine, as well.  
A breeder's ass  
"You're built to carry babies,"  
I've been told, plurally.

## Part II: The Return

Bleeding,  
bleeding,  
menses of thirty-five years  
12x35 equals  
too many cells lost,  
while the arithematic progressions of time  
control tides and lives,  
bringing forth children on the sweep of a wave.

On the back of bathroom closet shelves  
sit frozen in the dark  
metallic blue cardboard boxes,  
ephemeral roses from a phantom prom  
softly pressed onto their sides.  
Thorns clipped from these resurrected flowers —  
women pricked and pained  
by spokes that grow inside.  
The blood flows,  
seeking a path to least resistance  
caught by pads and fibrous fingers  
mini  
maxi  
HOSPITAL SIZE —  
brainchildren of personal products factories.

## Part III: Happy Birthday

My mother has turned fifty  
and that liquid bearing sign  
slows,  
resists,  
ceases.  
No more messages sent by the moon,  
the pause arrives instead  
bringing with it flashes  
hot northern-light auras  
that surround, exhume, and disappear,  
replaced by the witness wave  
salient companion of electrical force.

The pause.  
Well-earned rest from traces  
left by all women —  
Eve's retroactive rent payment.  
Women  
bleeding,  
bleeding.  
Mother, I return to you your smile,  
but your hands I will keep.

I,  
who do not bleed often enough,  
I will keep your hands clasped shut.  
We shall grow our nails  
and be old together.

Carole Nash



## *To Ralph and Henry*

*I sit in Wakefield Park,  
My Walden Pond,  
Seeking inspiration on the breeze,  
A light rain begins to fall,  
Damn its cold.  
My journal grows damp  
My spirits too,  
If only Ralph Waldo or Henry David  
Were here to show me the wonder in all this.  
Perhaps I should shift to a higher  
Consciousness . . . Unconsciousness?  
There's that wasp again,  
If I am stung . . .  
I flail wildly in his direction,  
He is gone, but now it pours.  
My buckskin coat does little  
To keep me dry, and the smell . . .  
I see two lovers gawking in my direction.  
Is it my coat,  
Or these ridiculous moccasins?  
The "Western Wind" gusts again,  
Carrying with it my notebook,  
Unimpressed, I watch my papers tumble away.  
I throw the pen after them,  
A minor victory. As I stand to leave,  
I catch my hair in a branch.*

*Christopher Whelpley*

## *Carousel II*

Dollar days, shining  
    round in the sunlight.  
Bells jingling on ice cream trucks  
    like money when it falls  
Onto the hot tar street.  
    Music and nostalgia

dripped off the ice cream, while the white truck jangled away in the heat. Eating our ice cream, we scampered along the dirt paths, strewn with broken glass and pebbles. When we cut our feet our mothers said, "Wear your shoes." I looked out of ice blue eyes on the colors, melting like a kaleidoscope, impressionistic. The world revolved under us and as we dodged ball and played tag, the carousel spun round.

The horse's glass bead eyes stared down at my suntanned face. I looked back, wondering, and clambered up onto the black back. My feet hung limply; I kicked gently at the smooth flanks, grasping the cool brass pole. The circle procession began. The tin organ notes felt silver cold, like ice cream in the throat. My horse shuddered and rose hesitantly in the air, unfurling black wings. Behind us a lion growled and we soared out of reach.

The world below, a small turquoise orb, spun dizzily. I grasped the treasures of the planets in my hand as we flew toward Saturn's brass rings, begemmed and wondrous amid the stars. I slept a bit and dreamed of enchanted stardust caking my horse's wings.

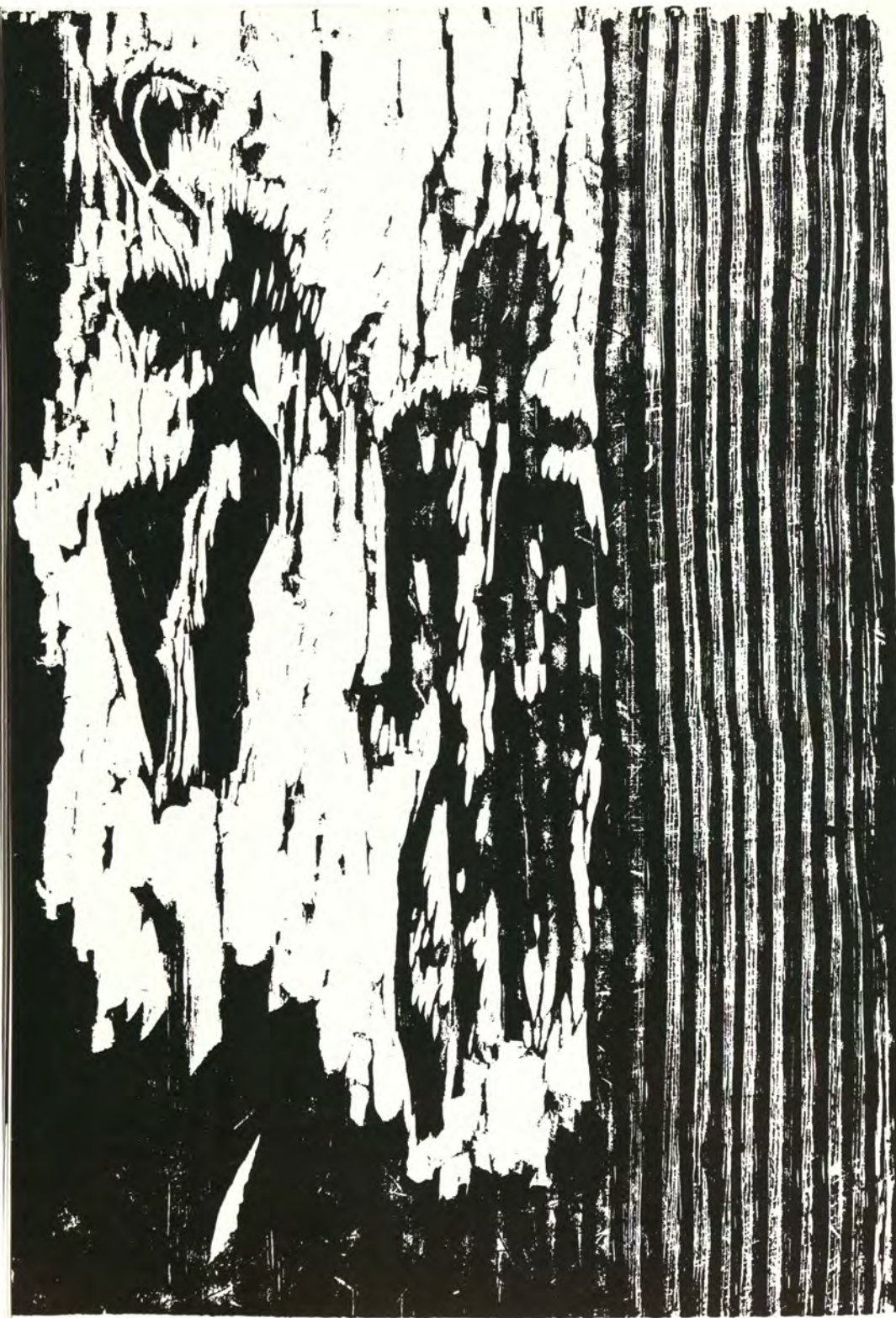
And the organ piped  
    as we slid along  
The sparkling circles  
following dancing comets  
until I slipped  
    from my horse's back and  
Tumbled through the black  
    starred night sky.

Jeanmarie Rouhier









## Distance

I.

*The suns rise and  
Sunset again,  
While all the thoughts  
Continue on  
Looking for their proper places,  
Waiting for some star to fix them,  
But the stars themselves are circling,  
Looming above and so distant.  
I hitchhike on that highway inside,  
The circle road in motions contradictory.  
I am the striped path, itself,  
Ridden by passions that  
Move through me passing on  
Beneath the flying tires  
Of countless empty cars.  
Road and the traveller  
Alone awaiting dawn.  
Waiting for the first rays.  
Waiting to be exposed.  
Thinking now.  
Now a child.  
Now a corpse.  
Antiseptic birth and death.  
The hospital of the mind.  
The chamber of birth and death.  
Dead thoughts hidden beneath charnel bedsheets.  
Dead thoughts feeding infants newborn upstairs,  
Given life in wards on higher levels,  
Given pointless toys and pressed close to a breast.  
Wandering through faceless wards, the infants  
Moving towards, and the aged drifting away  
From identity, from the universe.  
I know no longer where the body ends  
And where the universe begins.  
Sometimes, completely gone, distant,  
Living poems, yet scarce able to write,  
I feel about to be absorbed,  
But a word assembled with the others  
In poems of humanity  
Performing the rituals  
Storing dangerous energy.  
All the while preparing  
For a great gathering.*



## II.

*It seems a simple thing  
To feel closeness  
On this grassy embankment in the sun,  
To share a snack, a cigarette, a song,  
A sentence given meaning  
From some warm spring breeze.  
It is easy to care here,  
But let us descend  
Off this sunny hill into the night.  
The darkness drives us in circles,  
And events seem random.  
The word is given to fall together.  
Yet all the while separate,  
Within ourselves,  
We must go now into a different night,  
A night within the starry blackness  
Of our eyes.  
Where the only cloud is but a tear,  
And through this cloud  
Vague light appears,  
It draws us, despite its dark forebodings.  
Our sense of wonder rises like a wind  
Parting the clouds  
We view that column of light  
That joins our new starry grove  
With this old earth —  
A white-hot wire stretched.  
Behold this axis — beyond intellect,  
Beyond emotion  
Past doubt and fear and pain  
Around this pole the stars are circling  
All the elements  
And aspects of the mind.  
And yet from each the balance point is separate  
A disturbing distance  
Such as we felt that strange night.  
Feel now the source of distance  
That thread of awareness  
Observes the slowly changing stars.  
The sky pales, the stars fade,  
We stand at the foot  
Of a new embankment wet with rain,  
Which fell from heavy clouds  
Last night  
That passed overhead, then moved on.*

## III.

*I can see by the time on your face I must go,  
Descend to the caverns of artifice. I see many  
pointers there,  
Some point up and opposite them, others point downwards,  
And what creates one creates the other — slow falling  
Droplets of water from damp, stony ground. Beneath the  
Endless blue sky above these caves there were no directors  
or directions,  
Only columns of light connecting personal universes with the pole  
On which the earth revolves, spinning through the abyss,  
Circling the source of light and heat — the central burning orb —  
Burning as the life it generates, inconceivable mass  
Blinding as beauty — wide as the heart that beats beneath  
These cold caves. Here in yellow torchlight we wander  
Between the fires of the core and those of the sun. Here  
We meet in catacombs, twisted, leading down dim mazes.  
Footsteps move more slowly the lower we venture.  
Some have stopped here, we pass their still, bewildered figures  
For this is a realm of no motivation to motion  
And those who go on are ones who have lost their need  
for meaning.*

*Douglas R. Stailey*



## *Out of the Black*

*Gray and charcoal gray sky streaked  
With bits of blue-black haze and smoke  
Crickets chirping, whispering  
Hoot owls broadcasting, too cool  
Out of the black  
Roll screaming, four-door monsters  
Steel skin and polished chrome  
Shining wicked and wild under the streetlamps  
Loud taunts and burnt rubber  
Obliterate the crickets' steady hum  
Distant light off the night freight 'round the bend  
Brakes slamming, steam whistle pierces muggy night  
Detroit's monuments to gluttony  
Lie dead still and deformed  
Near stacks of creosote-soaked rail ties  
Sunrise drying the oil-slick wood.*

*Mike Tucker*







# Heazy Goms

"Goms to plah" (said she)  
but listen I not  
for she played no Goms with me.

"Listen, little Gommer," (says I)

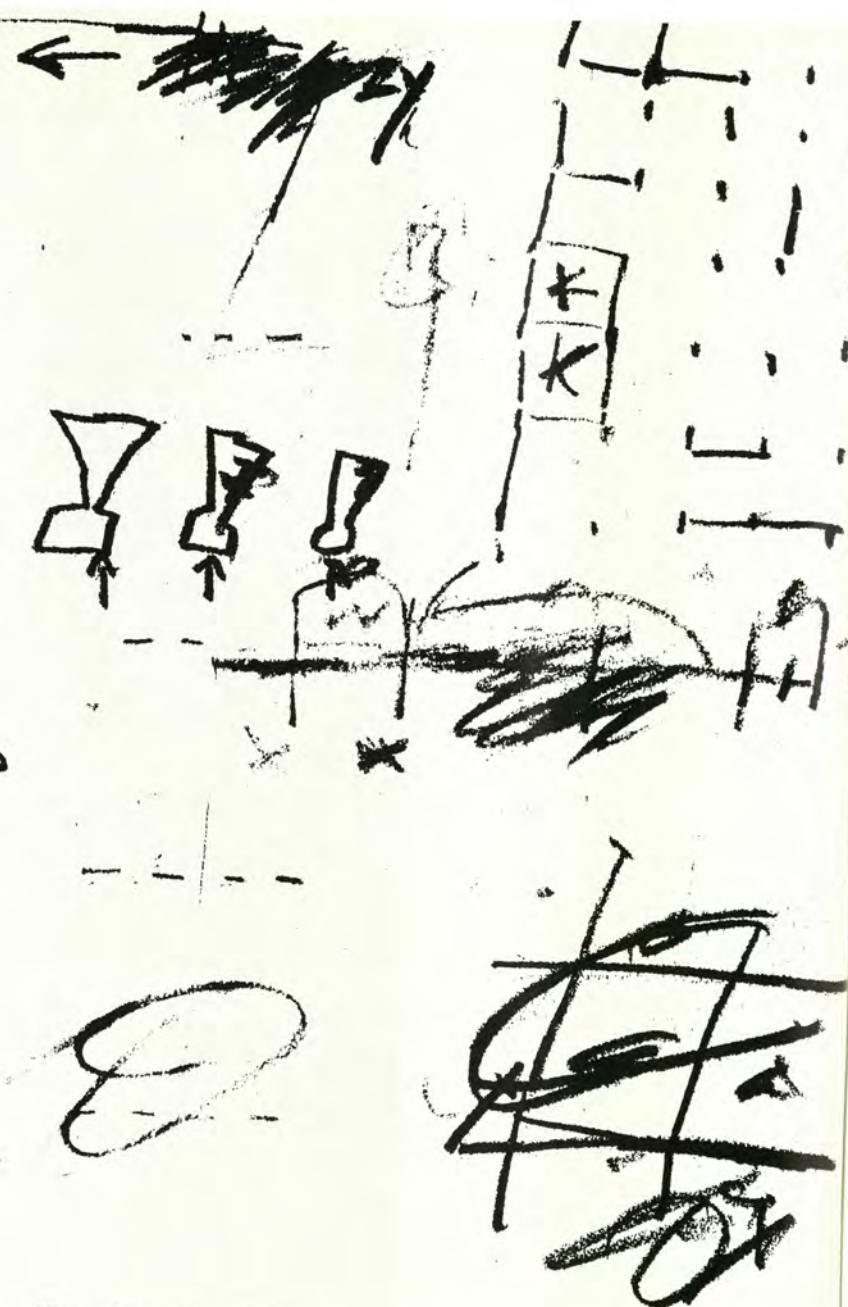
"I'll plah no Goms  
until you plah with my!"

So Gom plahing did we  
and oh so fun they were for mvh  
(I asked!) what fun they were for she?

"playing Goms," (says she)  
iz not svh heazy for mvh  
but she liked fun of others to see.

Which was sad thing, me to find  
and I sat to think of Goms,  
The she-pleasing kind

Then Goms a plenty had we  
Though not so heazy for mvh,  
but oh so fun for she.









YELLOW

BETRAYAL

RED

BETRAYAL



# **A Cup Of Coffee**

Please let me see  
You pour it so  
I can know

If it's weak or strong

Before it goes  
Tumulting southward  
Scorching my throat.

**Garrett Boehling**



5/28/82

I awoke from a vivid dream.  
A cool breeze started and drove it out the window.  
Something about writing a song  
With only one note  
And, I believe, two instruments.  
But I reached for my glasses.  
Putting on these stained, smeared lenses  
The world appeared.  
It looked like yesterday and the day before.  
"One day is like another"  
Or, rather, all my days are as one day.  
With a long spiral to traverse  
My needle sticks in one groove.  
And all my nights are as one night,  
With one dream, of better hours,  
I had thought to fill these spaces,  
This white between the blue.  
Imagination needs desire to build on  
And I desire nothing  
Except a different time or place.  
Life has become a vigil.  
I keep the fire from these breezes.  
Deep within it waits to torch the dry leaves of autumn.

Douglas R. Stailey



## Dachau in the Spring

So you still want to go to the Oktoberfest.  
Yes, well that is great fun,  
but Munich is much better during the spring;  
how did they say it? "Fruhling ist bes" —  
Quite true, the fall is, as you put it,  
much more exciting, but the spring is much more  
... important ... Especially for a Jew.

Oh please my friend, do not get angry.  
I know you intend to go there;  
I know you will take time out from your festivities,  
reflect, and reverently bow your head  
before the emaciated images.  
Yes, you will renew the strength to say  
never again.

I will even give you directions to get there ...  
... it is north of the city ...  
Yes, quite right, you will recognize the name.

But as I was saying, spring is a better time.  
I know, for that is when I was ...  
It was a beautiful day,  
with a benevolently blue sky  
and a warming sun —  
Exactly! Yes, quite absurd.

That is why ...  
Do you not ...

Better yet  
(I think this will make you see.):  
On my recent trip back  
I saw a bus loaded with teenagers —  
Bavarians with their thick accents  
bathed in the giggles and banter of adolescence  
This bus pulled up at the gate.  
(I am sure some go every spring,  
so you will see some too.)  
Anyway, what is good is that you see them  
laughing behind the barbed wire.

Do you think I am crazy?  
(Your eyes say "meshuggener.")  
No, I know ...

When you see children laugh  
as they walk towards the ovens;  
when you see them engrave their initials;  
when you see their innocent smiling faces  
leave the dormant gas chambers ...  
These things you will never forget.

And after all this,  
you will come to the plaque.  
And though it may say  
"Never Again"  
in many different languages,  
you will know that these words are not enough.  
Yes, yes, it is up to us,  
but really, it is up to you now.

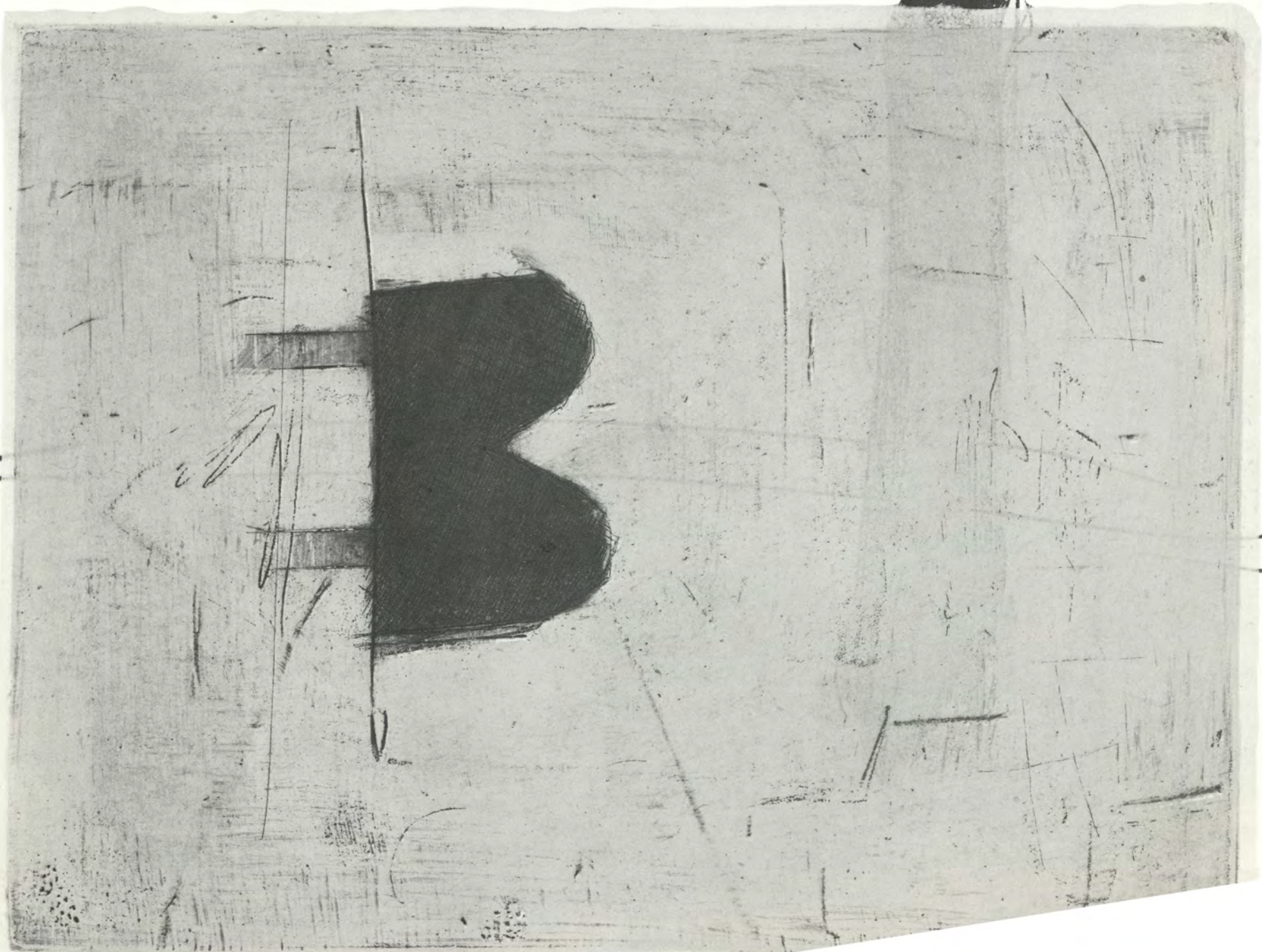
Yes, by all means my friend,  
Dachau in the spring.

Jay Friedman



1

17





## Cult of Eros

*At the start the young man hangs,  
in the smoke and beechbubbles  
that flow in communion, back from  
the red-robed women who exalt  
sibliant thrumming of drums  
in their seductive gyrations*

*to join in the frenzy of worship  
he pairs off with one  
who in her delirium  
tucks her head into his neck —  
the perfume she is annointed with  
conquers the incense as  
the spirit rises.*

*entwined, they see candles as  
fueled by the damp oval patches  
where their flesh meets and  
in the hymns hear each other  
whispering their names and secrets  
that promise a higher place  
beyond the pulpit*

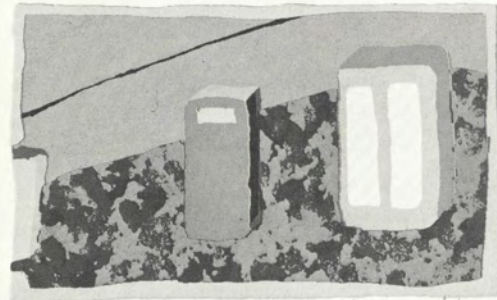
*Later, by a burning hearth  
he becomes a blushing altarboy  
catching up open flames in his  
hollow bronze bell, tenuously  
as if the whole congregation  
watches, until darkness is broken  
only by glistening ash*

*Karim Khan*

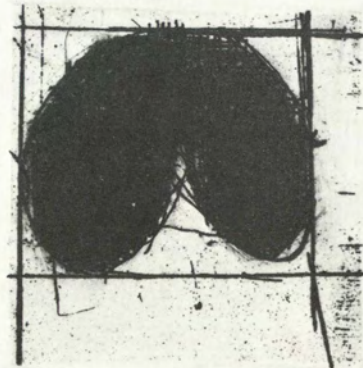




TAI 4/10 DANIEL



Stone Boxes 3/6 Walt Bradshaw



4/6 Kula Mills



TOWERS. 8/11 W. Bradshaw



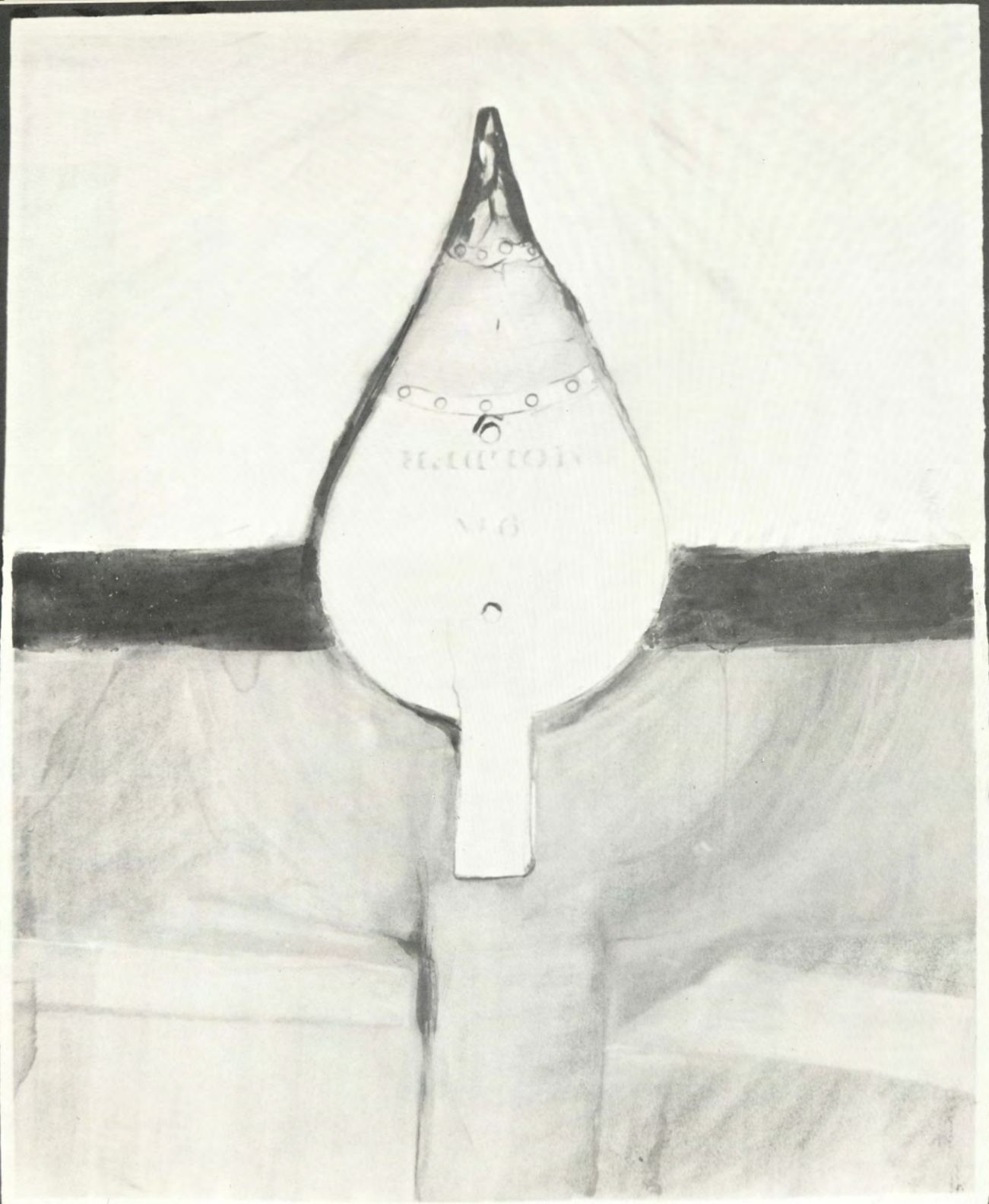


Contributors to this exhibit:

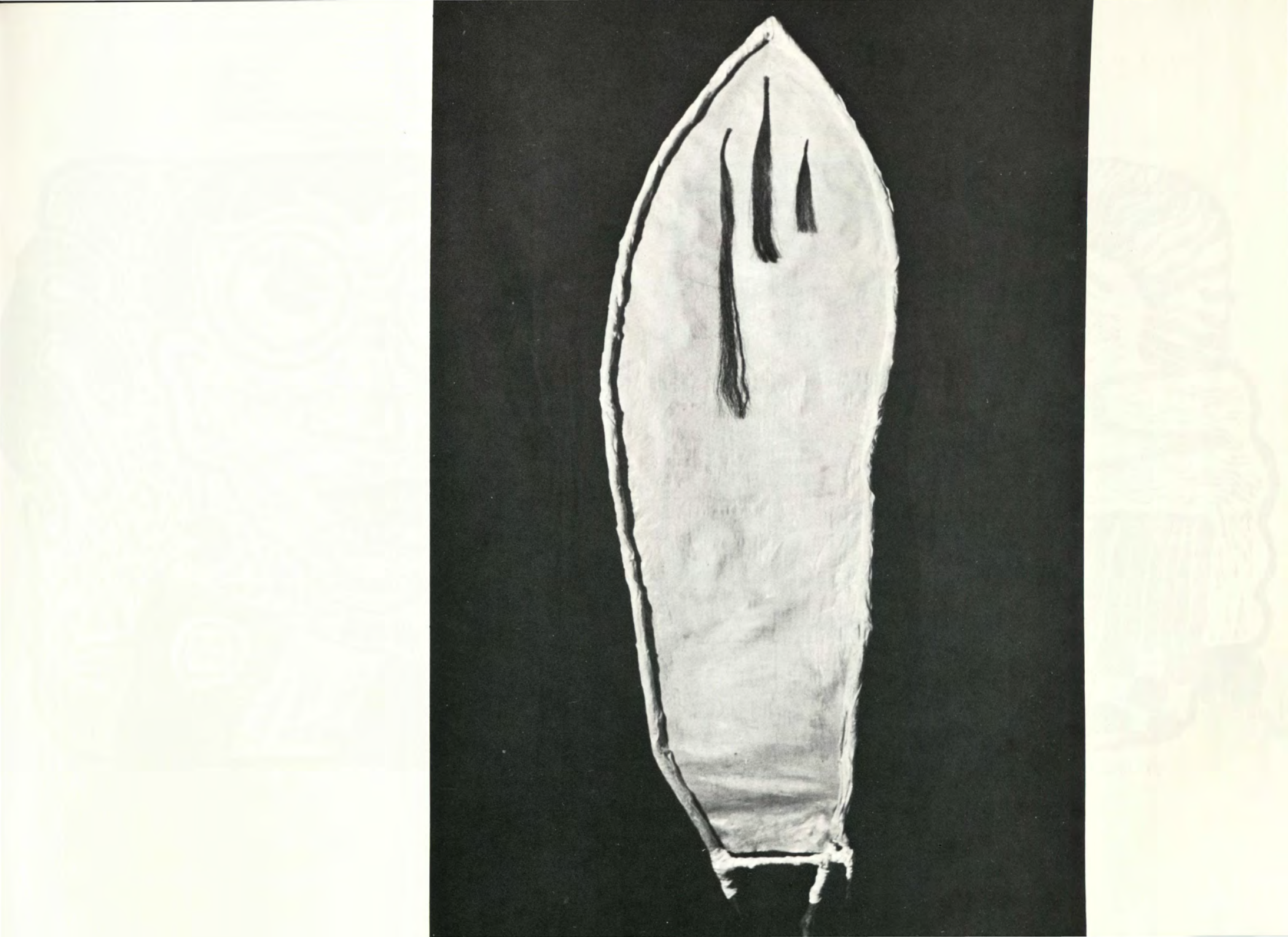
B.J. Daniels  
 Laura Jane Woodridge  
 Walt Bradshaw  
 Keith Mills

scale 1"= 1"

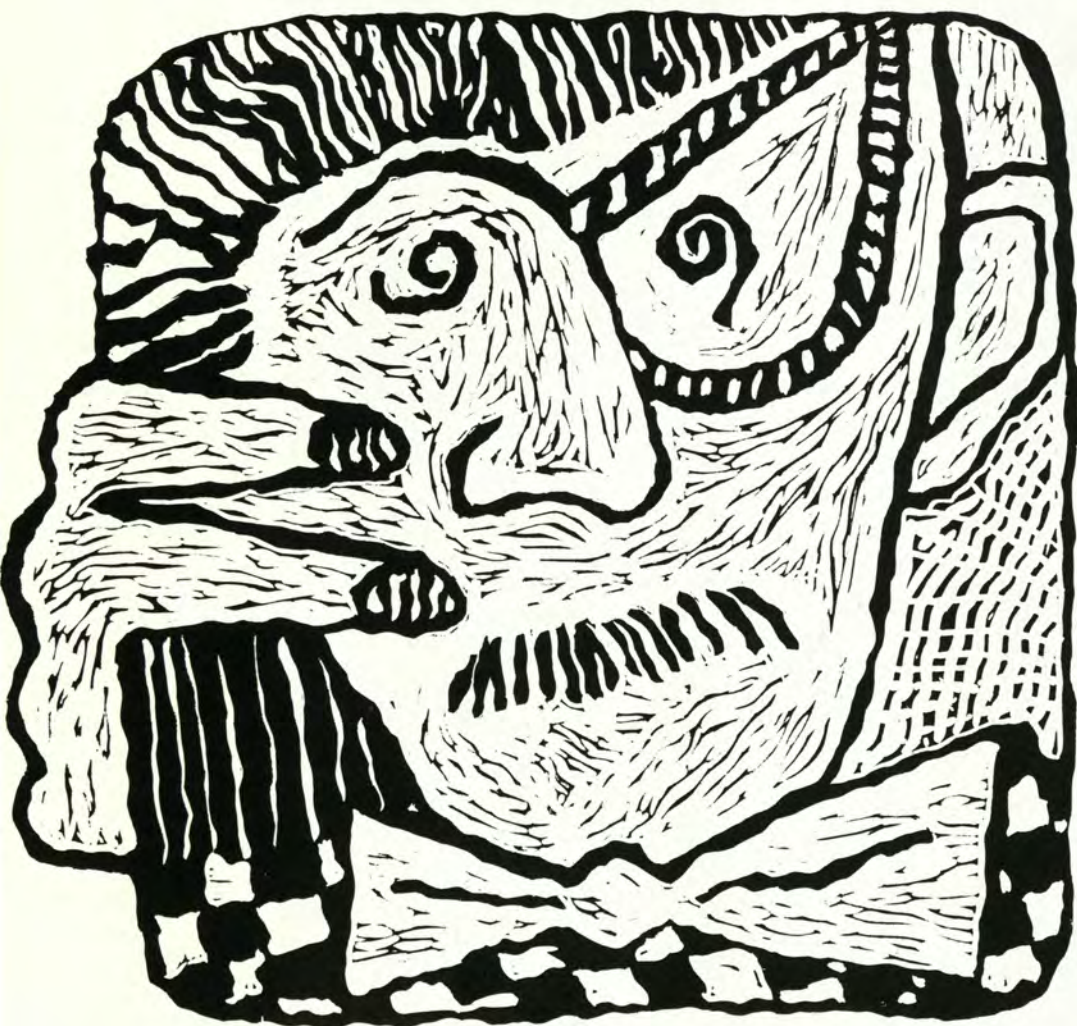












*It was not a success*



*Emily Sue Clark*



## Señor Sigmund

Señor Sigmund, the Spanish psychologist,  
with his knowing twinkling eyes  
— and curly mustache —

He knows all neuroses,  
he cures all imbalances.

(His mail order Ph.D. perches on the wall)

Behind his couch is a banjo,  
plastic nose and eyeglasses,  
maracas, and a big sombrero.

He'll stop a patient's wretched childhood  
by  
dancing a mean fandango  
in the middle of his office floor.

He looks like he could have been  
a mischievous pirate in some past life —  
And he knows how to tease away the ache  
that  
splits the heart like a butcher knife.

Blithely he curses neuroses,  
singing Spanish songs —  
Tickling the funny bones of the men  
And winking at the señoritas.

Bruce Potts

## Señor Sigmund

Señor Sigmund, the Spanish psychologist,  
with his knowing twinkling eyes  
and curly mustache —

He knows all neuroses,  
he cures all imbalances.

(His mail order Ph.D. perches on the wall)

Behind his couch is a banjo,  
plastic nose and eyeglasses,  
maracas, and a big sombrero.

He'll stop a patient's wretched childhood  
by  
dancing a mean fandango  
in the middle of his office floor.

He looks like he could have been  
a mischievous pirate in some past life —  
And he knows how to tease away the ache  
that  
splits the heart like a butcher knife.

Blithely he curses neuroses,  
singing Spanish songs —  
Tickling the funny bones of the men  
And winking at the señoritas.

Bruce Potts



# Gestalt



**The albino  
Sailor  
Lay still  
In the white  
Sand  
Daring not  
To light  
His cigarette  
Lest he destroy  
What he'd made  
Of himself.**

**Garrett Boehling**



